From the Journal of Will Graham

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From the Journal of Will Graham

by orphan_account

Summary

I believe Dr. Lecter gave me anaesthesia and stitched me up. I don’t know for what purpose, and I don’t know what will happen from here on out, but I promise I will find out, whether I live or die trying.

Notes

Kind of a canon divergence AU where Hannibal didn't kill Abigail at the end of season two and he decided to take her and Will with him and run. This chapter is a little slow and 'official' because Will still thinks he has a chance, but it'll all get less official as time goes on and he'll be calling Hannibal by his first name again. Hannibal and Will will eventually get together, but their relationship will be more intellectual than physical (although it'll still be an in-love sort of relationship rather than friends).
Written in journal format, shortish chapters.

Prologue

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To whomever is reading this, my name is Will Graham and I am a criminal profiler from Wolf Trap, Virginia. I don't know where I am or who has me, but I can take a couple of guesses and my main guess would include the name Hannibal Lecter. I would write about what he is and how I came to know him, but this pencil isn't very long and I don't want to waste lead writing a story you can find by digging a little. Just, please, I am begging you with all that I have, if you find this journal, please give it to Jack Crawford. If he isn't… available, give it to anyone from his unit. Tell them it's from me and they'll understand.

What little I know about how I got here is what I'll begin by writing. From now on, I'll periodically update this journal so it can be submitted in formal evidence against Dr. Hannibal Lecter if it is ever found. Know that I am writing this with full consent and knowledge of what I'm saying, and I'm perfectly lucid with absolutely no form of alcohol or drug in my system, as far as I know. Assess my handwriting and have someone prove what I've just said. Now, on to the story.

Jack Crawford and I had ascertained that Dr. Lecter was a serial killer who killed and ate his victims, so we went to his home along with Alana Bloom (who also knew he was a killer), all at different times. Jack Crawford went first, and I have no idea what happened to him, but by the time I got there he wasn't anywhere to be seen. Alana Bloom was… hurt. She was injured gravely and she informed me that Dr. Lecter was inside of the house, so I drew my gun and went in.

When I went into the kitchen, what I found was Abigail Hobbs. Yes, my handwriting may seem a little funny, but only because the image in my mind makes me emotional. Abigail Hobbs is like a daughter to me, so seeing her after I believed she was dead the entire time was quite a shock. Due to the fact that seeing her made me unstable, I did not—could not—react when Dr. Lecter came into the room. He was covered in blood, little of it his from what I could see. Dr. Lecter considers me special to him, so the fact that I was working with the 'good guys' was like a betrayal. A slap in the face if you will.

In disappointment, I assume Dr. Lecter saw no reason to keep me alive, so he took a knife and cut open the bottom of my stomach, a horizontal cut that was deepest in my hypogastric region. Let that be put on record, so if my body is found you'll understand what the cut came from. Looking down at it now, it has been freshly stitched and properly cleaned, by what I can only assume is the work of a doctor. Most likely Dr. Lecter, though I have yet to figure out why he's kept me alive. It may have to do with what happened after he gutted me.

He turned to Abigail and told her it was time to go, but she insisted that he keep his promise. He argued that I had betrayed him, so he absolutely couldn't bring me along, but Abigail said they could change me together, and that I'd already passed the point of no return. She told

him she was supposed to be my gift, and that if he'd just told me earlier like she'd suggested, I would've gone with them. Hannib—Dr. Lecter said something else but I was fading out. Abigail was calling Dr. Lecter 'Father,' but I'm sure she was only acting out of defense for both of our lives.

The last thing I remember clearly was Dr. Lecter crouching down in front of me. He looked extremely sad, and he said, "Will, you are the greatest masterpiece life has taken from me." Abigail told him he could still take me back, and then I completely blacked out. Whether or not I was dreaming, I can't be sure, but I remember snippets of times when I almost woke up. In a van with Abigail and Dr. Lecter arguing softly, being supported by the two in an airport, sitting on a plane where the stewardess spoke another language. The greatest thing I remember is pain. It was radiating from my stomach and I could barely breathe from it. It had me moaning, sweating, shaking, but after the plane memory I think I felt a needle and the pain all went away. It's still there now, but it's nothing compared to what it was. I believe Dr. Lecter gave me anaesthesia and stitched me up. I don't know for what purpose, and I don't know what will happen from here on out, but I promise I will find out, whether I live or die trying.

-Will

She is Not a Killer

Chapter Notes

> I put pictures of the paintings Will and Hannibal talk about at the end so you can understand the significance of their symbolism.

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Another day has passed, and though I loathe to write about what transpired, I know it's important for the case. Whoever you are, even though I've already begged you once, I'm going to have to do it one more time. Please don't blame Abigail for any of her actions. As unorthodox as they may seem, Dr. Lecter has a way of manipulating people into doing what he wants that's as potent as a gun to the head. Perhaps even more so. Therefore, if Abigail does anything that seems psychopathic or out of character, the only one who should be held responsible for her actions is Dr. Lecter.

First, let me describe the layout of the room I'm in so if you ever trace back to here, you'll know this is where I was kept. There's one bed, small, in the left corner, with perfectly white sheets. The sheets only have a single drop of blood on them (I assume it's mine) and I've spent most of the day staring at it because it's the only interesting thing in the room. The bed's posts are made of heavy metal so I can't remove them and use them as weapons. The floor of the room is covered in a dark red luxury carpet, and the wallpapers are patterned in alternating red and gold waves. Besides the bed, the only other item in the room is a painting bolted onto the wall, depicting a man praying near two figures, one clad in white and the other in black.

There are no windows and only one heavy oak door leading in and out of the room, which is locked. It was through that door that Abigail Hobbs walked this morning, bringing with her a meatless tray of food. I assume it was breakfast, but the only light I get in here is from an artificial overhead chandelier too high for me to even think about reaching. When Abigail looked at me, her eyes were filled with pity and more human warmth than you can imagine. She is not a sociopath in any sense of the word.

When Abigail greeted me with a "Hi, Mr. Graham," even her voice held regret as she sat on the edge of the bed and offered me the tray. If it had been Dr. Lecter, I wouldn't have eaten, but Abigail would never try to poison me, even under the influence of a sociopathic cannibal. I told her it was alright to call me Will and she offered me a strained smile. She told me her and Dr. Lecter had both known I wouldn't eat meat from him, considering the fact that it would probably be human, so they'd made me a meal of fruits. I spoke with her as I ate, but she was obviously reluctant to say much so we mostly made small talk. I discovered two very

important things during that small talk: I'm in Florence, Italy, and I'm in a mansion owned by Dr. Lecter under a different name. If you look hard enough, I'm sure you can find it.

After that, Abigail left despite my protests. She said 'Father' would be angry if she spoke to me too much, because he wanted to talk to me first. I was left to play the waiting game, so I stared at the spot of blood on my sheets and went fishing in my mind until Dr. Lecter came in.

As someone who has a unique ability to empathize, I can tell you that despite Dr. Lecter's visible state of calm, he was upset. He came to sit down near me, and I, of course, moved as far as I could. Moving causes pain, however, so I was limited to sitting at the head of the bed while he sat at the foot and watched me with disappointed eyes.

"Will, I am truly sorry for my brash actions last time we spoke. I know it may take time for you to forgive me, but you need not be scared of me. I swear on all that I hold dear, I will not hurt you."

I can write everything he said to me word for word, because I remember it exactly as he said it. Dr. Lecter is not the kind of man who says forgettable things. He spoke that sentence and then he apologized again for having to keep me locked up, but he said I had been coming along nicely and he was afraid I would hurt myself trying to revert back to who I was. He went on to say that he knew I hadn't killed Freddy Lounds because he'd smelled the scent of her perfume on me, however I had still killed Randall Tier and honoured him in the best way possible. I believe Dr. Lecter still thinks he can convert me into a serial killer, and that is what he will try to do because he craves companionship. Someone to understand him and accept him for what he is. Although I do both, I will never be his companion.

When I refused to answer Dr. Lecter or even meet his gaze, he began to speak in length about the painting on the wall. I will write what he said in the hope that it will help you determine what painting it is, in case you can use it to confirm that you've found the room I was being held in.

"The Angel of Death. It has many different meanings, many different interpretations. I'm sure you've heard of the Passover, haven't you? The Angel of Death is what stole the breath from the lips of firstborn children. You were a firstborn, weren't you, Will? If you had lived during that time, perhaps you would've been taken. However, there is one thing that stopped the Angel from coming in to kill a child. The blood of the lamb over top of the door where that child slept. For you, Abigail is the lamb. She would happily bleed for you."

I write this for the painting, and I write this so you can understand that Abigail is a victim. After Dr. Lecter said that, I understood that I needed to listen to his commands if I wanted Abigail to stay safe, so I met his gaze. He was trying to see something inside of me, and I suppose whatever he saw satisfied him. Make no mistake; I'm not writing to clear my own name, so I won't sugar-coat what happens inside of my head. I do have some dark… urges. But that's because of my empathy link and the fact that I've dealt with so many serial killers. Anyone who spends that long in the head of people like Dr. Lecter is bound to mix up their own urges with the other person's, right?

I wish now I'd asked Dr. Lecter the date, but I was too distracted because Dr. Lecter ordered me to show him my stitches and I couldn't disobey for fear of him hurting Abigail. I showed him and he seemed satisfied, then he nodded and left. When he was at the door, he hesitated and turned back to tell me it wouldn't be like this forever. He said the original painting in this room had been "The First Mourning" by Bouguereau, but he'd changed it because he believed we would both enjoy "Angel of Death" more. Then he shut the door and I haven't seen him since, though Abigail brought me another pencil at my request while she brought a fruit dinner, because I told her I liked writing.

I've decided that next time I talk to Dr. Lecter, I'll get information about a murder he's committed for extra evidence. After I record it in detail so that he can be convicted beyond the shadow of a doubt, I'll find a way to help Abigail escape. Whether or not I make it doesn't matter anymore, as long as Abigail is safe and she can get this journal into the hands of someone who can catch Dr. Lecter.

Abigail, if you're reading this… even though we haven't known each other long, I truly consider you a daughter and I wish you a long, happy life. I would've loved to be with you more, but I'm afraid it would've had a bad effect on you. I am not a good person, not anymore. You are, Abigail, no matter what anyone says, so I hope with all of my heart that you can keep that.

-Will

Angel of Death by Vernet

The First Mourning by Bouguereau

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